



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 19, Issue 8, African Basil
www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



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Imagine a Boot Stamping—Forever By Andrew Gill

The unfortunate behavior that disrupted the recent dedication of the Louise M. Slaughter Building demonstrates a continued need for education on what it means for RIT to be a learning community and expectations for community behavior. Inappropriate behavior such as unreasonable disruption or obstruction of Institute activities, harassment, or disorderly conduct compromise the very values that we as a community seek to maintain. A line of marchers moved forward to approach the salt plains that were surrounded by 400 guards and barbed wire. The marchers silently approached the fence, they were ordered to leave. On command the police plunged into the marchers and began hitting them with clubs.¹

RIT's expectations for community behavior are set forth in RIT Student Rights and Responsibilities—RIT Expectations for Community Behavior on page 2 and RIT Conduct Code on page 4. Now there is nothing wrong with an ordinance that requires a permit for a parade, but when the ordinance is used to preserve segregation and to deny citizens the First-Amendment privilege of peaceful assembly and peaceful protest, then it becomes unjust.² Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them



The Frank Lamas Building, Building #1984

at once? Men, generally, under such a government as this, think that they ought to wait until they have persuaded the majority to alter them. They think that, if they should resist, the remedy would be worse than the evil.³ Language approved by the Institute Council in 1998 clearly states that members

¹ <<http://www.kids-right.org/mahatma.htm>>

² <<http://members.aol.com/klove01/jailltr.htm>>

Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Letter From a Birmingham Jail

³ Henry David Thoreau, On the Duty of Civil Disobedience

of the RIT community hold themselves and each other to high standards of personal integrity and responsibility. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust.⁴ Science of war leads one to dictatorship pure and simple. Science of nonviolence can alone lead one to pure democracy.⁵ Those who abuse the privilege to speak out and engage the broader community in matters of common interest foster an atmosphere of disrespect contrary to the notions of free speech and open debate that we all cherish. We have clear policies in place with respect to student—sponsored events to express a viewpoint that the majority resists, even those that may make some members of the community uncomfortable. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and establish such creative tension that a community that has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored. I just referred to the creation of tension as a part of the work of the nonviolent resister.⁶ If there is a question about the appropriateness of any demonstration or protest, I, or a member of my staff, would be happy to speak with those involved beforehand. Frankly, I have never yet engaged in a direct action movement that was “well timed.”⁷

I would urge all members of the RIT community to be supportive of these policies that reinforce our capacity to learn and grow. I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name—if ten honest men only—ay, if one HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from this co-partnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefore, it would be the abolition of slavery in America.⁸ RIT has clear and specific policies with respect to student speech. They are legally sound and intended to promote our ability to act as a learn-

ing community. In furtherance of these principles, demonstrations or disturbances that interfere with the Institute’s purposes are not to be tolerated. Recruiters or representatives from industry, government, the armed services, potential employers or similar guests of the Institute shall be assured free access and the opportunity to meet in privacy with any individual who desires to consult with such guests.⁹ Policies and event registration information may be obtained from the Center for Campus Life located in the Student Alumni Union, RITreat 2nd floor. Why does it not encourage its citizens to put out its faults, and do better than it would have them? Why does it always crucify Christ and excommunicate Copernicus and Luther, and pronounce Washington and Franklin rebels?¹⁰ I would urge all members of the RIT community to be supportive of these policies that reinforce our capacity to learn and grow. It is the fault of the government itself that the remedy is worse than the evil. It makes it worse. Why is it not more apt to anticipate and provide for reform? Why does it not cherish its wise minority? Why does it cry and resist before it is hurt?¹¹

The enduring examples of great speech—Dr. King, John Kennedy, Gandhi and many others—are ones which lift us up and unite us in becoming something greater, not that which disrupts and ridicules. We stand a better chance under that guise because all the serious people like Martin Luther King and Kennedy and Gandhi got shot.¹²

Note: All other references are from Frank Lamas’ letter to all students.

⁴ Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Letter From a Birmingham Jail

⁵ <<http://www.san.beck.org/WP19-Gandhi.html>>

⁶ Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Letter From a Birmingham Jail

⁷ Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Letter From a Birmingham Jail

⁸ Henry David Thoreau, On the Duty of Civil Disobedience

⁹ RIT Policies and Procedures Manual

<<http://www.rit.edu/~620www/Manual/sectionC/C11.html>>

¹⁰ Henry David Thoreau, On the Duty of Civil Disobedience

¹¹ Henry David Thoreau, On the Duty of Civil Disobedience

¹² <<http://www.shout.net/~bigred/lennon>>

Civil Discourse Guidelines

By Rocko Bonaparte

There recently was a mass-email to the campus at-large that caused much confusion amongst the students. It seems necessary that this message needs to be clarified into more common language, as follows:

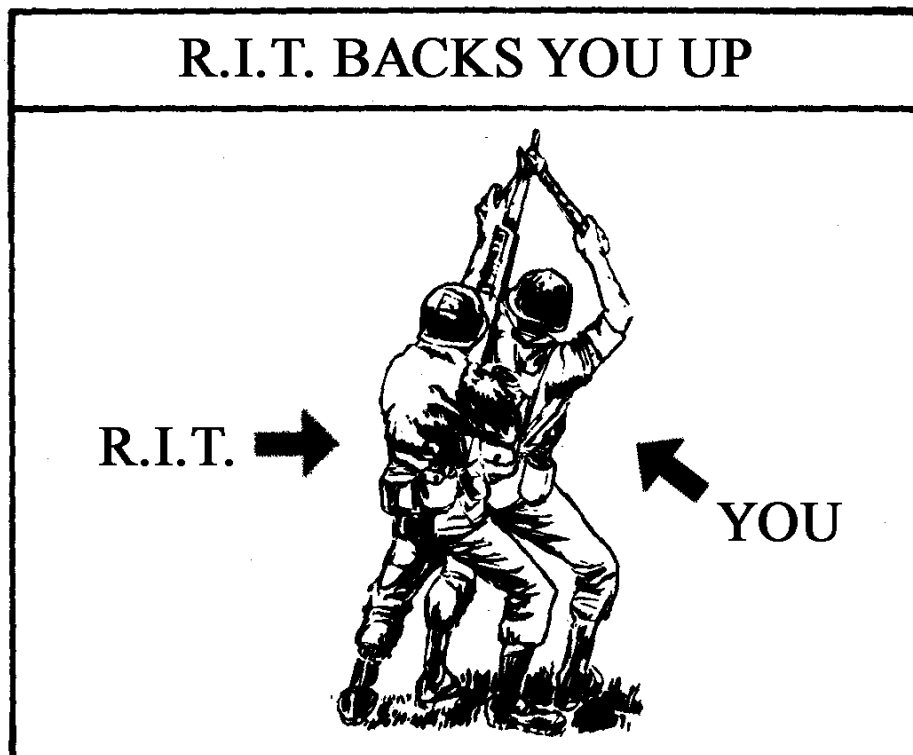
Due to the unfortunate behavior that embarrassed the administration during the recent dedication of the Louise M. Slaughter Building (read "Slaughterhouse"), it seems that the RIT community at large must be re-educated in what is acceptable behavior as an RIT student.

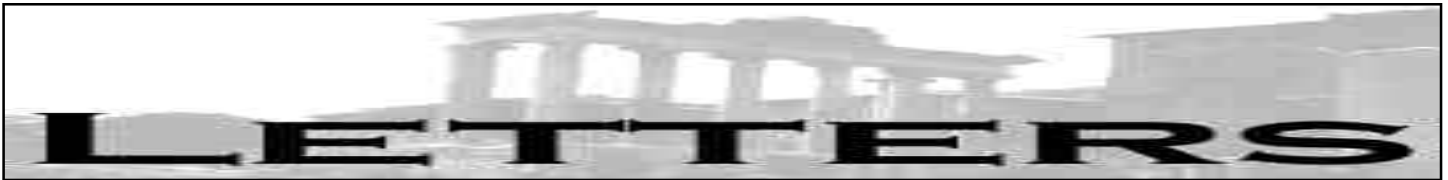
What RIT expects for student behavior is spelled out within RIT's Conduct Code. It is expected that each student conduct him or herself in a way that they do not take a definite stand against anything they believe in. Such unacceptable behavior includes demonstrations, picketing, and broadcasting messages through a loudspeaker. Acceptable behavior includes day-to-day complaining that students regularly conduct with each other. Any student caught voicing their opinions will have their backbones removed in order to make them more complacent to this campus. Only by turning the active demonstrators into spineless, cynical syncophants will these students be able to remain part of the RIT community. Any student openly protesting

Institute activities will result in their transfer to a college where students actually care about the world at large. Such is expected as part of any community where freedom of expression is openly encouraged.

RIT encourages modest, respectful discourse that is limited to mild murmurs. This is essential to the academic and community values of the campus. Those who speak out to the campus at-large, and interests outside the campus violate RIT's definition of free speech and open debate. The only exceptions are the cases of Dr. King, John Kennedy, and Gandhi. Since no RIT students can ever achieve this high ideal, it is expected that there will be no demonstrations on campus.

These guidelines are explicit in their meaning and are easy to understand. They are designed to promote learning through silent complaining alone. Clear policies are in place regarding student events that may cause discomfort or resistance. These policies include no demonstrations, no demonstrations, and no demonstrations. RIT students are encouraged to support these policies. If there is any question about the appropriateness of these policies, quietly complain to your friends as stated within the guidelines. Only in this way will RIT continue to grow and be an exceptional place of apathy.





This is a reply to Frank R. Lamas' email entitled "[All Students] Civil Discourse" that filled every RIT student mailbox last Thursday afternoon. The reply just so happened to be forwarded to us as well, sparking a whole lot of conversation here.

Congresswoman Slaughter described the protests as "in our best American tradition."

Indeed, the highest law in the land has this to say:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech,

or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

The inadequacy of the Bill of Rights to describe the rights and responsibilities of an RIT student, no matter how legally sound, is disgraceful. I do not know why RIT is trying to be a police state.

The potential impact of such draconian attitudes on retention does not seem to have been taken into account before sending this message out to all students.

From: Daniel L— <dwl—¹@rit.edu>

Subject: Yeah, I was offended, whatever

I love your mag. I've loved it since I started reading it my first (or is that fist? JK) quarter here (which was only a few months ago, in fact). I was especially pumped when I saw two issues of GDT this week. Anyway, the reason I'm writing is that I was offended by a line in the beer article on page 4 of Vol. 19, issue 7, Dead Tulips. The line is at the top of the fourth paragraph, and it reads: "The Inconspicuous Can of Beer knows more about the students and this campus than God Himself." I believe that God is omniscient, i.e. He knows everything; so that line is blasphemous IMHO. Please consider not allowing something like this, which is offensive to (i would imagine) most religious folks, into your mag again. Seeing as how I've never been offended enough by GDT to write in before now, this doesn't seem like a very hard task.

A response would be nice,

DanL

Writer Andrew Gill responds:

Sure. Why not?

I'm not most religious people. I am one religious person. I can only speak for this one religious person. Anyways, this one religious person believes that there are many things wrong with this article. For example, the beer is not eligible for SG president, to my knowledge.

To single out this one line and call it blasphemous, and ignore the rest of the crap in the article is like hating They Might Be Giants because they say that the Sun is powered by estrogen. At any rate, it's equally blasphemous to imply that beer has a soul. What's the difference?

Maybe we should hook Rocko up to the centrifugal birthing device from two issues back...

Bean Counter Alex Moundalexis responds:

Daniel,

Thanks for writing. A response, sure thing—we always respond. You'll probably get a bunch more

¹ Just because RIT might plaster the last four digits of student's social security numbers all over the place, doesn't mean that we will.

from the rest of us². Just the way we work, here.

Two issues this week—I don't know what that's about. We only printed one, as always.

Regardless of the folks who read GDT, a blasphemous line and its inclusion within the pages is a right guaranteed to us by various documents³. To ask that we not print something because it has a line in it that could potentially offend someone is asking to strip our rights away, be it "socially unacceptable", blasphemous or profane. We find it rather difficult indeed.

There are individuals on our staff and at RIT who don't believe in God.

Since you've yet to be offended by GDT, we'll try to correct that, seeing as how this year has been "tame" according to a few of our readers.

I recommend you read the Big Red Book, cover to cover—it'll tune you in to the non-"tame" GDT and what it entails. It's a compilation of the best material from past years. Or if you don't have time, just the section devoted to Religion. Or if you're REALLY busy, just "God Damned" by Sean Hammond and "You can all Suck my Dick!" by Dalas Verdugo. These articles are just the beginning. If you are offended afterwards, sorry... it's the real deal. If you aren't, then why are you writing? Either way, you've probably just expanded your horizons⁴. If you don't have a Big Red Book, we can provide you with PDF's⁵. GDT is about diversity, equality. We question everything around us, yaddi yaddi yaddi... I'm getting hungry, so just refer to the preface of the Big Red Book.

Writer Sean J. Stanley responds:

Daniel,

I don't speak for GDT, however for myself I need to ask you how you know that The Inconspicuous Beer Can isn't God? God is, by definition everywhere and anywhere; He or It is a multi-faceted, multi-dimensional entity, right? If our great St.

² From the looks of the volume, probably more response than he was intending.

³ Notably the United States Constitution, specifically the Bill of Rights.

⁴ Oh, the beauty of photocopies!

Anselm and his sophisticated ontological proof mean anything, you would know that there is none higher nor more powerful than God. He must exist, everywhere. By taking offense to the Inconspicuous Beer Can, you take offense to God.

In short, you are a bad Christian. You will spend eternity in the mouth of Satan with Judas, Cassius, and Brutus for your blasphemous attitude. Jesus will come down from upon high to sodomize your infidel ass with his blessed and holy member.

Rot in Hell, you non-Jesus-loving fuck,

Sean J. Stanley

PS: Sinner.

Writer RJ Wilco responds:

According to Microsoft Word there were 165 words in your email, in which there appears to be nine spelling and grammatical errors, probably more if I actually looked into the matter on my own time. That's one error every 18 words kid, for the love of Christ; former Vice President Dan Quayle had better communications skills⁶. Invest in a spell/grammar-checker, or learn how to compose a coherent sentence.

You dare babble about "blasphemous" lines when you cannot spell "omniscient" properly. You are a twit. How did you do in Writing and Literature I?

Editor Mike Fisher responds:

Daniel,

While you might find it surprising, Beer is quite comparable to God.

God is said to be omnipresent (in existence everywhere). Beer is available at nearly every grocery and convenience store and many restaurants in the state. If you're in a place without Beer, it's never too far to someplace where Beer is available.

⁵ All back issues (including the Big Red Book) are available at hellskitchen.org for your viewing displeasure.

⁶

<http://www.xmission.com/~mwalker/DQ/quayle/qq/hall.of.fame.html>

God is said to be omnipotent (all-powerful). Of those who have accepted God into their hearts, few are able to withstand God's Rapture⁷. Beer, too, is omnipotent. Of those who accept Beer into themselves, few are able to withstand Beer's Buzz.

God is a holy trinity: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. Beer has far more than three forms. Beer is a Holy Spirit in and of itself.

Many people have different ideas of how God relates to people. Many people have different ideas of how Beer should taste.

People who love and believe in God are glad when someone suggests an opportunity to go to the House of the Lord. As a lover of Beer, I certainly am always eager and happy to have the opportunity to go the Bar.

People who in God join together to feel God coursing through themselves and sing hymns to God declaring his majesty and love for his people. At these gatherings, it is frequent that people will pray to God. People who love Beer join together and praise its virtues, sometimes offering anthems because of all of the Beer coursing through their veins. Beer, however,

leads to a different sort of praying when too much Beer has been enjoyed.

God has a large network of people who extol His virtues to try to get others to believe in God and become repeat donors. Beer also has a large network of people who try to get others to buy Beer.

The worship of God is prohibited in some nations. Likewise, the consumption of Beer has been banned by some states.

When people who believe in God have problems, they are able to speak to one of God's delegates to seek relief. When people who believe in Beer have problems, they are able to seek relief from their discomfort through one or more of Beer's delegates.

The absence of God from one who loves God has a name: Hell. The absence of Beer from one who's recently demonstrated his love for Beer also has a name: Hangover.

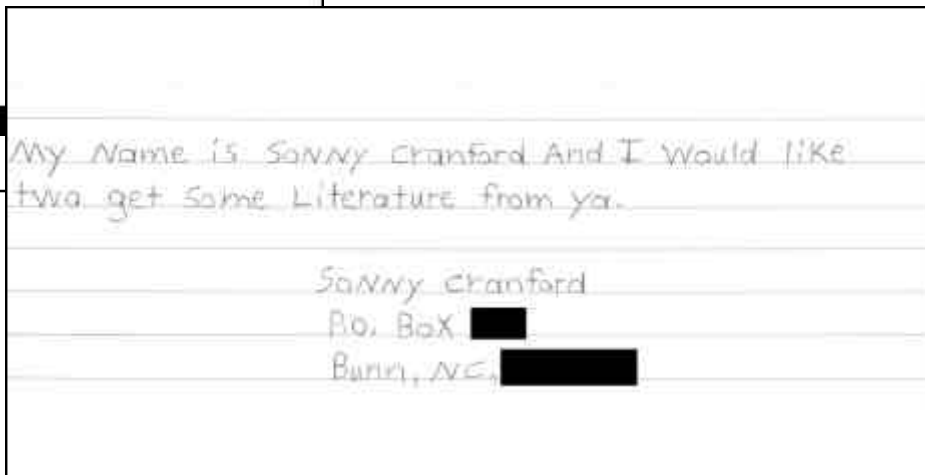
When heathens disparage God or make certain comparisons between God and other things, this is termed "blasphemy". When the unenlightened affront Beer⁸, this vilification may safely be written off as the blathering of a space cadet.

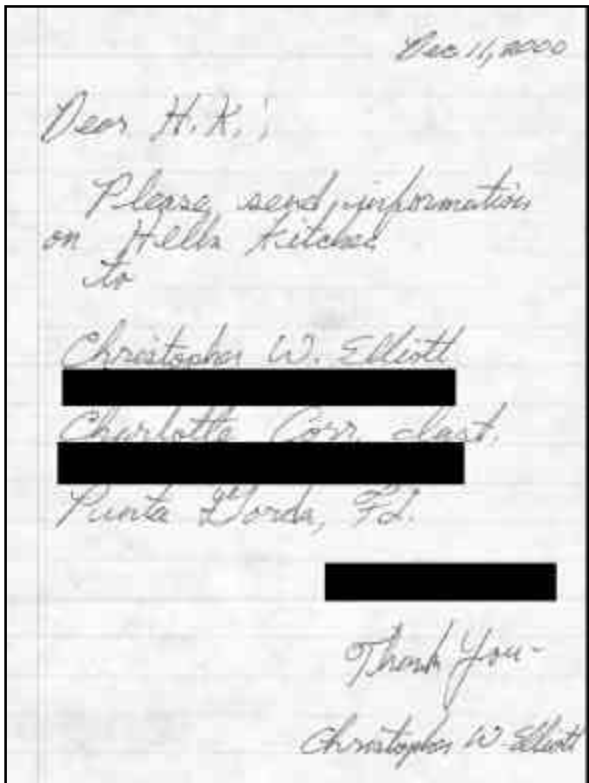
⁷ This is also true of Blondie.

⁸ Excepting, of course, for mass-produced domestic brews and anything made in Rochester.



Letters keep pouring in over our GDT Prison Extravaganza! Sonny Cranford (from the Franklin Correctional Center in Bunn, NC) and Christopher W. Elliot (from the Charlotte Correctional Institute in Punta Gorda, FL) had this to say:





How to Write a Letter

By Rocko Bonaparte

I'm sure many of you have always wanted to send in a scathing remark or two to the administration here, or perhaps to just one of the publications here. Unfortunately, the Writing and Literature courses here never teach the students how to write such letters. Being a writer of exceptional caliber, I have listed here some guidelines on how to write a letter to the administration or a publication:

Address letter to the highest level of authority. Do not bother with middle-level liaisons. Most of the time this will be Al Simone.

No research can be done to back the claims. Introduce facts with "I can't be sure, but . . ."

Do not make an effort to understand the larger issue, let alone protest it.

In the closing paragraph, *always* make a reference to Al Simone's commitment to student retention rates. This point must be overused until it becomes a worthless cliché.

It is wonderful to see how many students are already complacent to these demands, as determined

by the type of letters written to Al Simone and the *Reporter* on a regular basis:

Dear Al Simone:

I protest them there parking permit thingie that you'z instituted awhile ago. I'm a one-and-a-half-year Custodial Engineering major who has to commute to RIT every day from home cuz' I'ze couldn't afford to leave Rottenchester. It stink to half to walk three minute to class to get to class every day, when I don't skip. I can't be sure, but 90 percent of the students agree bout' da' parking problem. This campus be getting bigger, why do the parking spaces not get bigger with it? I'ze sure Al Simone will considar it cuz' dis' iz' 1 of da reasons them there retention be the so low. That and the deathe people. Boy I'ze sure hates them deathes people

Love,

Smackin Higgins

Speaking of the "deathe" people, even you too can have a spot in The Reporter with a letter like this:

Dear Reporter:

How I hate those damn deaf people! They grunt and grumble and make me uncomfortable. I feel like they're conspiring against me with the way they flap their arms and all. And how come all the chicks here are deaf? It just plain sucks. And why do they need an interpreter during my classes? Why can't they just come in and read their lips or something? Why bother having them come to class at all. I can't be sure, but I'd bet only .001% of the campus is made up of death people. Why should we cater to their every whims with such a low ratio? I'm sure if Al Simone seriously stands by his commitment to student retention, he'll quickly eliminate NTID so xenophobes like me can live a peaceful life without culture shock.

Sincerely,

Mr. Plays His Music Loud

And if any of this offends, why not write a letter just like the following to GDT:

Dear GDT:

Hallucinations Corner

by Melinda Melmoth

My freshman year of high school I dreamed:

I was seven years old and my sister Aimee was four and Patrick was four too. We had started the year before to share a house with another family for eight years. The three of us were making up games and dance shows as usual. Then we found this egg. It was a chicken-size egg that was see-through. We could see what was happening inside it and it was a baby ant being born. It started as cells forming into an ant embryo. It changed quickly into a baby ant with all its ant parts getting to be adult ant size. We thought it was so cute and watched it float around in its egg that start-

You can suck my pebble-sized nuts. How dare you make a mockery of the occasional lazy commuter and deaf-hater? They're people just like the rest of us, and we need to respect their opinion. You people violate appropriate student conduct as given by the RIT guidelines by writing your scathing articles. I can't be sure, but everybody here hates you guys. Hates hates hates hates hates hates all of you. Please remove your backbones from this campus at once! Your removal from campus will severely boost Al Simone's retention rate.

Love,

Can't Understand Satire

The reason letters are such an acceptable medium by the administration is because they are so easy to throw out. No need for confrontation, no need for response. Just toss those little letters into the gutter. But at least you can feel like you did your part. I encourage everybody to write more letters to the administration and publications on campus. I would really love it if somebody would write me some hate mail according to these specifications I have provided. Don't forget to mention student retention rates! Send all letters to rockobonaparte@hotmail.com

P.S. Love poetry from deaf girls encouraged.

ed to look like a bubble. The ant continued to grow as we followed it and seemed to know we were watching and tried to be as cute as it could. Without warning the egg turned red and bloody in an angry way and the likeable ant turned into a huge disgusting furious fly that buzzed around in the bubble threatening us and chasing us around the house. At any second we knew it was going to break its bubble and crawl out and get us.

I woke up and went to my physical education class and stood around in my homegirl sweatpants and matching sweatshirt and hoop earrings. I told this nice goth boy named Jason about my dream because my friend Amy said he knew all about them.

He informed me that this dream meant that I was afraid of commitment.

Call To Arms

By Chris Maj

I've been working on a response to the recent bullshit in the *Reporter*, but I just couldn't string it all together. There are too many things they print half-truths about for me to write anything short of a book.

Realizing that there are many, many people who question the *Reporter* each week, there needs to be a way for everyone to share their criticisms and help provide the story for every article the *Reporter* publishes. I think this would be impossible to achieve via a letter writing campaign—our responses would simply go unpublished, as I've learned from past experience.

Then it struck me. Why bother trying to hope your letter gets published in the print version of 15,000 copies, when thanks to the new online version of the reporter, the millions of people hitting their web page can instantly view your responses?

For those of you who don't know or care, a new feature exists on the *Reporter's* web site to post comments below each article. You can also search back issues thru last winter, and they are planning to put everything from the last 50 years online. This is an incredible opportunity to own the media and share sto-

House of Fun - Part II

By Richard DeTommaso

Frogs. Everywhere: frogs. I can't move without feeling the squelch of frog underfoot. My life: a virtual second plague. Everyday, wondering just how many frogs will fall on me, wake me from my sleep.

I don't exist anymore. Not here, not anywhere. I live, but there's no one to keep tabs on me. I am my own man, living on what I can find, speaking my life into a micro cassette recorder. All I have is all I need: Underwear, shoes, shirt, pants, a dozen tapes and a myriad of batteries.

I wake up every day to the sounds of deforestation. This is still not the way I pictured my life. I wanted a certain oneness with nature, a feeling of accomplishment, instead of being jerked from one job to the next. Things have always been this way, ever since I was born.

Some say that life begins the day you enter the

ries of RIT with the world. Best of all, the site is fully indexed by many search engines, so even comments left with old stories are incredibly valuable for wayward surfers. They've got a lot of pictures, too!

To reiterate, I would like to propose the idea of an electronic takeover of the *Reporter's* online presence at www.reportermag.com. Working together, distributed and collectively, we can one-by-one roll back the injustices done to journalism and the RIT student body by the *Reporter* magazine. We need to post a paragraph or a story with every article online to correct the errors we all suffer from in the reporter. We no longer have to stand in the shadows of their failures, complaining over gin and joints, while letting the truth be hidden from the *Reporter's* pages.

I think what makes this plan especially bitter-sweet is that it uses the tools of the *Reporter* for their own demise, in much the same way as capitalism sows the seeds for socialism. As each person decides to respond to an advertisement the *Reporter* creates for their website, they also become a reader of content not authored or smothered by the *Reporter's* staff. This is a beautiful feature that we as students must use for everyone's benefit.

world. Others say that life begins the moment the sperm and egg combine. I say that life begins on the first day of school. Impressions are made by pre-pubescent little shits with no regard to how anyone else feels.

My zipper was down.

You wouldn't believe how insensitive kids are. The little snot-nosed brats judge you by your appearance. This dictates how you live your life—the judgments of strangers.

How dare they judge *me!*

I came home crying. My mom picked me up off of the bus, crying because she was so proud of me. When we finally got home, she asked me why I was crying. So I told her, I had nothing to hide. I was a kid for Christ's sake. She looked at me for a moment and then left the room. She later told me that she put a pillow over her face so I couldn't hear her laugh.

Then the torture ensued...

During lunchtime: pudding under my seat. And it didn't end there. I would find my desk turned around, my lunchbox raided, once there was a little dab of crazy glue on my fingertip...

My mom had to pick me up from the hospital, where they had to remove my crazy glued finger from my nostril. I never went back to that school. Everywhere I went it was the same. We moved constantly so I could avoid this public shaming. Kids can

be so cruel...

Now as I walk around, looking for food to eat, I wonder if I've made the right choices in life. I remember my family, the blood on my hands, and the look of surprise on their faces. I have committed crimes against humanity. This must be my punishment...

Life According To Ross

By Ross Reinhardt

I have nearly finished working on a pond in my backyard. Its dimensions are ten feet by five feet by two feet and it holds 800 gallons. It is rectangular and parcaly above ground where I built up with cinder block's. I chose a flexible liner so that I could make my own dimensions. It also bought two filters, a U.V.C. clarifier (Ultra violet clarifier) to get rid of any algae. I had built a waterfall into the pile of dirt in which I dug the hole. It has a pump connection and gravel in it to help junk settle. I have two filters for it one is in the pond and consists of a one foot by one foot filter box with a

connection to a submersible pump. The outlet is a water fountain the other filter is much more efficient, it is a large green canister and is hooked up to a pump so that the water goes through the ultraviolet clarifier than the filter and pours back into the pond. Shortly I will be getting a vacuum drain to remove debris from the bottom. As well as an in pond skimmer which will be connected to a utility pump that sucks water through the drain and skimmer, then it goes through the UV clarifier and to the filter. Soon I will be getting koi for the pond. P.S. do not put fish in untreated water; they will die. Questions, Comments? E-mail me:ReinhardtRoss12@Hotmail.com

CHRIS MAJ SACKED: MY SIDE OF THE STORY

By Johann Sebastian Phillipe Aristide

Background & Disclaimer: Approximately an hour after distribution of last week's issue, we received an email from SG President Felipe Giraldo. He inquiring about about our print deadline, stating that "the article describing the departure of Chris Maj [called] for a response". Our terms were quite amenable (no length limit or editing of his letter, plus four to five days till the deadline), yet we failed to receive a response or any information to lead us to believe that a response would be coming late. We are quite sympathetic – we realize that he's a busy guy with (too) many responsibilities. So we had to act, and so Editor Mike Fisher created an estimation of what we thought Mr. Giraldo might have addressed.

dictionary.com defines a loose cannon as one that is uncontrolled and therefore poses danger. Chris Maj was just this to the Student Government organization. By providing a means, even in proof-of-concept

form, for the Administration of this fine Institution to poll its students easily, it makes it possible for them to obviate us, undermining our very existence and relegating us to a party planning posse.

Before we at Student Government recognized this, the web polling application was a welcome and appreciated way for us to receive feedback about such pressing issues as who should be invited to speak to and perform for the students. We were able to bring in good people and bands. I saw this, and this was good. This is why I was comfortable to call Chris a "hard worker" in my interview for the *Reporter*, a publication of true merit.

As for Chris's conduct in our meetings, he was brash and rude—but quite committed to his ideas. This was a breath of fresh air in comparison to so many others who I've watched in Student Government meetings throughout my tenure. So many others come to the meetings only wishing to be able to leave quickly, or possibly do some Administration-bashing. Chris came with other ideas, even if they were unpopular, and was never loath to express himself.

I feel no shame in cutting a productive member of the team that my administration brought into the Student Government flock loose with so little time remaining in his role's tenure. Clearly, it is politically worthwhile for me to go out with my best foot forward.

Random Factoid

Lorenzo DaPonte—a known satirist—was the librettist for Mozart's operas *Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan tutte*. These operas were extremely popular in their time and even more so today, yet DaPonte tended to be kicked out of one country after another for his political views. He ended up in New York City, teaching at Columbia College. Small world, isn't it?

I'm Moving to Hell

by Andrew Gill

Life always seems to smite me more than others, so I have decreed that Hell is my new place of residence. It will be easier down there. You may say, Andrew, you have not considered the ramifications. Living in places where demons will haunt you and drive you insane.

I tell you, I thought this through to the end of its logic and I'm right. Nobody asks for your rent for the right to live Lucifer's manner. No need to worry how you can't get dates, since the Lord has said "Damn you!" Demons will hear every thought that you have and then use it to torture. (Least they will listen to what you are saying and treat you with caution) Searching for jobs will not be such a problem, since you will not get one. Hell is no worse for the man who lacks skills to do anything at all. Food, clothes, and shelter will not be an issue, for all will be lacking.

Freedom from want is the way of the damne'd, since no one gets his wish. Finally, Hell is not a place of boredom, since Dedalus told us: Pains are of terrible gravity, but they are constantly changing.

Moving to Hell, for I hope it will be better than this life on Earth.



POETRY

welcome mat

all our time
and all our crime
put together
equals
us

you loved me
before i had facial hair
now i'm young
and all grown up

some things dead
just lie
dormant

some things lost
simply set
aside

you'll find your way
home
i know

like
evaporating water
from melting snow

drifting heavenward
in vapour form.

dalas verdugo

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